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RICHARD AND SALADIN.

Saladin was made Sultan of Egypt and Syria, after the Crusaders had been so far successful, that the Mahomedans had been expelled from the latter country, and an European King reigned in Jerusalem. Saladin, (or Sala-ed-din, as his name is more properly written after the Arabic,) with great courage and skill undertook and accomplished the re-conquest. He recovered also Arabia, Persia and Mesopotamia, and at length advanced towards Jerusalem. Near Tiberias he met an army of 50,000 men, and made prisoner of Guy de Lusignan, the King of Jerusalem, so that he was soon

master of the Capital. He treated the inhabitants and all his prisoners with such humanity, and his conduct was marked with so much good faith, that his example might well have been imitated by his enemies.

Richard I. of England, surnamed in French Cœur-de-Lion, (Lion-heart,) attempted to recover the lost territory, and, sailing with Philip Augustus of France, soon got possession of Acre, Cæsarea and Jaffa. Although he defeated Saladin at Cæsarea, the French became insubordinate, and various circumstances occurred to compel him to renounce his

enterprise in despair. He concluded a truce for three years and three months, leaving the Mahomedans masters of the country. This was in the year 1192; and only a few months before the death of Saladin. While at Damascus, during his last sickness, that remarkable man struck with the vanity of human greatness, ordered that his winding-sheet should be displayed in the presence of his army, and proclamation to be made by a herald, that this was the only thing which he was able to retain after all his conquests. He died at the age of fifty-seven, leaving his dominions to be divided between his seventeen sons.

Richard is eulogised for heroism and a "chivalrous" spirit above most other men who ever lived; and, if we apply the term "chivalrous" in its legitimate sense, it certainly belongs to him: for he was so influenced by the superstitions of Rome, that at her call he abandoned his kingdom to disturbances caused in part by his avaricious oppression.

On his way home he was shipwrecked in the Venetian territory; and in attempting to pass through Germany in disguise, was imprisoned by Leopold, Duke of Austria, and delivered up to Henry VI., from whom he was ransomed by his subjects. In 1194, he landed at Sandwich; and, after several campaigns in France, he died of a wound received at the siege of Chalus, April 6th, 1199, at the age of 42.

Among the fabulous exploits of Richard, with which his admirers have been amused by some of his eulogists, is that represented in our frontispiece, in which he is said to have encountered Saladin hand to hand, and with such vigor and skill as to have unhorsed and conquered him. Walter Scott, with his characteristic ingenuity, has given a long description of this imaginary scene, which many of his readers, no doubt, have impressed upon their minds, and regard as true. Such is one of the evil consequences of

those writings, so greatly approved, even by many intelligent persons—"historical novels."

Our print, however, has a certain value, as it gives a pretty faithful representation of the costume, arms and accoutrements of the Crusade and Saracen chiefs. The spear, with which the attack was usually commenced, and at a gallop, lies on the ground; and the powerful arm of Richard has raised the battle-axe, to which the knights often next appealed, while the Sultan, though just unhorsed, stands with his little shield to protect his turbaned head, and his Damascus cymetar prepared to return the coming blow, with a blade which no other weapon could cut or break.

Would any enquire why a fanatic like Richard has received so many praises, while leaders of Mormons, and other infatuated men, with quite as much sense and Christianity, are regarded as they deserve? The answer is brief: One of the most effectual ways to commend Rome, is to exalt her most obedient servants to saints and heroes.

The Crusades were some of the most remarkable wars ever waged, and the personages here represented two of the most remarkable who were engaged in them. Of all the events mentioned in history, there are few of which we are so much in danger of forming false impressions as the Crusaders: for there are few which have been presented to the eyes of the world by so many partial and influential writers.

Inconsiderate minds are easily fascinated by the romantic pictures of chivalry, in which so many prose and poetical works abound; and, while engaged in admiring their pictures of wandering knights, enchanted castles, imprisoned beauties, jousts and tournaments, the reader is too apt to forget the grand principles of common sense and christian morals, by which he should coolly and independently judge the splendid throngs.



Instead of rejecting the extravagant eulogiums and viewing with reasonable abatement many of the representations of the benefits resulting from chivalry and its concomitants, how many, even at this day, seem to adopt them all without a question, or a doubt.

But chivalry as a civil or social institution, was an evil of secondary importance only, when compared with its character and effects in connection with religion. Being a legitimate production, and a powerful supporter of the Romish system, when justly regarded, it is seen to resemble it in too many of its objectionable features. In this light it is worthy of being examined critically and at length; and an able writer might draw from this subject a picture of the perversions of the human mind and manners, painful it is true but not too severe and frightful to be useful, indeed, necessary to the present age, and even on this side of the Atlantic. But let us recount such leading events in the history of the Crusades, as we have room to give, and we may add a few lines on the personages depicted above.

Even the greatest admirers of chivalry and the Crusades think many apologies necessary, for the low state of society which produced them. But, so far from admitting this as an excuse, we plainly see that it was Rome who had created and perpetuated the ignorance and semi-barbarism of those days, and that chivalry and the Crusades were only some of her new devices to continue them though their remoter results were not always what she desired or expected. All the claims we hear made, from time to time, of the pure, lofty, philanthropic and Christian principle, which set a vagabond, like Peter the Hermit, traversing Europe, to raise an army to conquer Jerusalem, are idle tales. And so are the assurances we receive of the disinterested spirit which he excited. The spring of the Crusades, the impulse which sent

so many millions to undertake the long and hazardous journey to the Holy Land, was neither the eloquence of Peter nor the love of God: neither attachment to Christianity, nor hatred of Mahommed. In our opinion it is one of the manifest and inexcusable offences of most historians, that they have misrepresented this point. They have not told it distinctly to the world, that the Crusades were made solely by the promises of the popes, to grant spiritual privileges to all who engaged in them, or in any way promoted them. Such was the intellectual condition of Europe, and so profound her ignorance of the Word of God and the religion which she professed, that the people of all nations believed the arrogant, impious pretensions of the popes, and deserted their homes and threw away their lives at their invitation. What more need be said, in reply to the apologies above alluded to? Such was the state of Europe, after Rome had been her tutor for centuries.

Genuine christian doctrine and example would have raised her above such a grade of society in half a generation. The nations of that quarter of the world were far below the Sandwich and Society Islanders, in some of the most important principles of religious and social life.

One hundred and eight steamboats have been built at various points on the Ohio River this season, the aggregate tonnage of which is 51,560 tons, and the cost \$1,400,000. The total number of steamboats on the Ohio and Mississippi, is 750, the tonnage of which is 160,000 tons, and the cost \$12,000,000.

INDIAN CORN was selling at Davenport, Iowa, on the 3d of October, at 12 cents per bushel; and winter wheat at thirty-five cents.

A good book and a good wife are said to be two of the best companions in the world.

**St. Petersburg.***Concluded from page 579.*

FROM "THE SHORES OF THE BALTIC," BY AN ENGLISH LADY.

The most magnificent object, if you can select where all are magnificent, is the line of Palace Quay upon the Neva—beginning with the Winter Palace—united by covered bridges with the Hermitage—this again connected by magnificent links with the great mass of the Marble Palace, and so on to the summer garden—while marble vases and lions, of colossal size, bring the eye down to the granite banks of the stream, where every column and gilded cupola is reflected in increased brilliancy. A casual observer would hardly remark the traces of fire in the grand structure of the Winter Palace. The entire shell stands perfect, though, within, not a stone is left in its place. Two thousand workmen are now swarming about this vast hive, and the architect, Kleinmichael, straining every nerve to redeem his pledge of presenting this palace, ready inside and out, as it stood before, for the celebration of the Easter fêtes. In one light this destructive fire has proved a blessing; for the custom of consigning to solitude those suites of rooms occupied by a deceased Sovereign had here closed so many of the finest apartments, that in a few more successions the reigning monarch would have been fairly turned out by the ghosts of his predecessors. The gilt cross, on the cupola of the private chapel of the palace, resisted the fury of the element, and, glowing with increased brilliancy in the light of the furnace around it, was watched by many an anxious eye in the crowd of believers beneath, who ascribe its preservation to miraculous intervention. This idea has proved a powerful engine in the hands of the architect, for under the conviction that a blessing rests on the palace the workmen toil with double assiduity at its renovation. Thence we proceeded down the splendid Nevski—over a graceful iron suspension bridge with gilt tips; passing the palace where Paul met his fate, in a room conspicuous by one window alone, and that a single sheet of plate glass.—Then past Peter's original house, a perfect Dutchman—the first humble stone of this great capital, which occupies one corner of the summer garden; planted also by him. These

are the resort of the beau monde in the spring, before they disperse into the country; and, pointing out to me the stunted elms, already almost dismantled of their scanty foliage; my companion observed, with more of complacency than of humility in his manner, that they gave shade in the summer! Leaving these transparent thickets, we crossed one of the bridges of boats over the Neva, and entered the fortress on the Wassili-Ostroff, or Basil's island, the guard turning out at every barrier to salute the Fort-major of Petersburg. Here many of the state prisoners, from the military delinquent of a few weeks' detention to the captive for life, are confined. The church was the only accessible part, the taper gilt spire of which is one of the most striking objects in Petersburg from a distance. The interior was gaudy with gilding and drapery. Service was going forward—the priests, with their wavy locks flowing on their shoulders, throwing about incense, muttering the mass, and staring at the strangers with equal unconcern. The most interesting objects were the tombs of several of the late Czars, including Alexander, and all of Catherine the Second that could die, and around hung various captured standards—the graceful crescent denoting whence they had been wrested.

We now continued our route to Kamanoi-Ostroff, or the stone island, to Jelaghine, Krestofsky, &c., and other islands, forming a miniature archipelago, on which the Emperor and the Grand Duke Michael, as well as many of the nobility, have summer residences. Here a pretty distribution of wood, water and villa, faintly recalled the idea of Virginia Water, though entirely on a stunted scale.

The oak is seen here, but scarce rising above a shrub. We entered the imperial Datsch, or summer residence, at Jelaghine. The house is very simple: logs of wood were burning in the open grates, and a cast-iron staircase leading to the upper rooms: on the third story was a small chapel, and behind the altar a sanctuary, which my woman's foot was forbidden to enter. This is the rule in all Greek places of worship. The Datsches of the nobility are all of wood, the emperor's alone being of stone, and tortured into every incongruous form that bad taste can devise; the whole touched up



and tricked out with painted cornices and pilasters, in red and yellow ochre, and, once done, left to the mercy of the seasons. Each has just enough ground around to give the idea of an English tea-garden, with every appurtenance of painted wooden arch, temple, and seat to confirm it. At the same time it is here the established idea, that such houses and such gardens are precise fac-similes of an English country residence, and I fear my kind companion was a little chagrined at my not accepting this piece of homage to my native land. In this neighborhood is also a Russian village, wooden cottages with deep roofs, and galleries running round like the Swiss, ornamented with most delicately-carved wood: of course here was also plenty of red, blue and yellow, for it seems that without these primary colors little can be done. The love of red especially is so inherent a taste in Russia, that red and beautiful are, in a popular sense, expressed by the same word. But this is evidently the show village of the capital, and almost entirely let to families for the summer. As for the roads, they were ankle deep in mud, and such as an English squire would hardly have suffered in his vicinity.

Our sight seeing, properly speaking, commenced with the Casan church, which stands like a bat with extended wings on an open space, just where St. Catherine's canal intersects the Nevski: the body of the church being small in comparison with a grand semi-circular peristyle of fifty-six columns, placed in rows of four deep. In the place before the church are two magnificent statues of Kutusoff, Prince of Smolenski, and of Barclay de Tolly. Altogether this edifice is a superb specimen of what Russian architects, Russian quarries, and Russian mines can produce. The grand entrance door in the centre beneath the peristyle is a masterpiece of genius. It is divided into ten compartments of subjects in bas relief from the Old Testament, the intermediate spaces occupied with figures of saints in haut relief, and heads starting from circular frames; all of the most exquisite design, expression, and finish. We entered by a small side door, and seemed transported in a moment to some hall of the genii: riches glittered around in fabulous profusion, while a subdued light, a stupifying perfume, and a strain of un-

earthly harmony disposed the senses for mysterious impressions. Pillars of polished marble, in one solid mass from top to base, with gilt pedestals and capitals, supported the roof in couples. The altar was an open arch of dead and bright silver, in a frame-work of gold, supported on semi-transparent jasper columns, and closed behind with a drapery of crimson velvet. The altar railings were each a bright, heavy Colossus of solid silver, any one of which would have furnished a very respectable sideboard. Several huge candlesticks, eight feet high, of the same virgin metal, were burning with candles of all sizes, from the pillar of wax to the lowliest taper, the various votive offerings of pilgrims, before shrines of incalculable riches, consisting of pictures of the Virgin and Child, or of particular saints; the face and flesh parts alone being painted, and those most barbarously, for the Greek church appears to qualify the idolatry by the farthest possible departure from nature; real precious stones forming the appropriate colors in head-dress or vest, and pearls, woven over, representing the white drapery. In the centre from the dome hung a gigantic chandelier of silver, over a circular mosaic pavement of the most graceful designs. The priests, clad like sorcerers, were murmuring their incantations, and flinging about incense, while invisible voices in seraph tones chanted the responses. And then to turn from all this blaze and gorgeousness, from walls of silver, and hangings of pearls, to the poor creatures who at this moment seemed the only objects of such display; abject beings with tattered garments, decrepit bodies, and animal countenances, who stood crossing themselves, bowing at intervals before the shrines till their foreheads resounded on the marble floor, and staring around, gaping, or spitting, between every prostration, old hags of nuns in filthy attire, wretched cripples and loathsome beggars, whom one seed pearl from the Virgin's shoulder knot would have enriched, but to whom in their faith the sacrilegious thought, doubtless, never occurred. Here also the trophies of conquered armies hung around; but this time the eagle was the emblem. Kutusoff's tomb is the only monument in the interior, and this is shortly to be removed. This church is dedicated to the holy Virgin of Casan, so called from a

picture of the Virgin in the town of Casan, which has an immense reputation for miracles. It is also distinguished by the peculiarity of two unequal transepts; not, as some have alleged, from the peculiar form of the Greek cross, but simply for want of space on the canal side to continue the building.

Having thus taken the aggregate of a Russian church interior, for the rest are mere repetitions of the same barbaric splendor, untouched by true art, we proceeded to the Academy of Arts on the Wassili-Ostrof. This is one of those outwardly splendid piles, with ten times more space than in England would be allowed for the same object, ten times more out of repair, and ten thousand times dirtier. At the ceremony of Russian baptism the sign of the cross is made on the lips to say nothing bad, on the eyes to see nothing bad, on the ears to hear nothing bad—and, it must be supposed, on the nose also to smell nothing bad; for the Russians do not seem inconvenienced by the trials to which this organ is exposed on entering their dwellings. But to return to this odoriferous academy—the halls and staircase are all on a grand scale, and appropriately adorned with casts from the Laocoon, the Gladiator, and other celebrated statues of antiquity. A stripling population, students in uniform, and cadets from the colleges, to whom it was a half-holiday, were swarming in the extensive room; seemingly under no restraint except that of a dancing-master, before whom about fifty of them were dancing quadrilles with much grace and expression in a cloud of dust. They seemed to consider this very great fun, and twisted their slim male partners about most emphatically, while many a laughing eye turned upon the unbidden spectators; who, to own the truth, loitered longer in this room than the occasion required. But in these times, when good dancing has proved a quick step to advancement in Russia, this accomplishment is not to be neglected. The walls are lined with eight cartoons of boar hunts and sylvan sports by Rubens and Snyders—the latter quite undeniable—of great merit, though we could procure no information of their history. Also a fine marble bust of this magnificent emperor, which, had it been dug up in classic ground, would have been declared a Grecian demi-god—it

was impossible to pass without admiration. I wish his Douane were a little milder.

But the great attraction was Bruloff's picture of the fall of Pompeii—an immense canvass—at least twenty feet wide by fifteen high, which now ranks as one of the lions of the capital. This picture is a gallery in itself, and one of absorbing interest. Above the scene hangs the dense black cloud as described by Pliny. To the right this is broken by a stream of forked lightning, whose livid light blends horribly with a red-hot sulphurous glare of the volcano, the outline of which is dimly visible. In the centre of the picture, where the light falls strongest, lies the body of a female, her arms extended—a crying infant lying upon her, with one little hand clinging to the drapery beneath her bosom: she had evidently been killed by a fall from a chariot, one broken wheel of which is close to her, and which is seen borne along at full speed in the distance by two terrified horses, while the driver, the reins twisted round his wrist, is dragging behind them. Forward on the right, is a group of father, mother, and three sons: the aged father, trying with one hand to ward off the shower of ashes, is carried in the arms of the eldest son, who, helmeted like a soldier, is carefully picking his way among the falling stones. The younger, quite a lad, is supporting the old man's feet, and gazing with a countenance of agony at a tottering monument. The second son is supplicating his mother to trust herself also in his arms, but, half extended on the ground, she gently repulses him, and affectionately urges his own safety. The expression and lighting of this group are beyond all praise. In the right corner of the picture is a lover bearing the body of his fainting mistress; from the chaplet on her head, and other bridal ornaments, they appear to have been just united. Behind is a grey horse in full light, furious with terror—his rider clinging with every muscle, while, half hidden, appears a frantic figure, its nails fastened into the animal's back in the attempt to mount. On the left of the centre is a terror-stricken family—father, mother, and two children, cowering half naked beneath the red hot hail, and forming a dark mass in opposition to a confusion of figures in full light behind them—some escaping



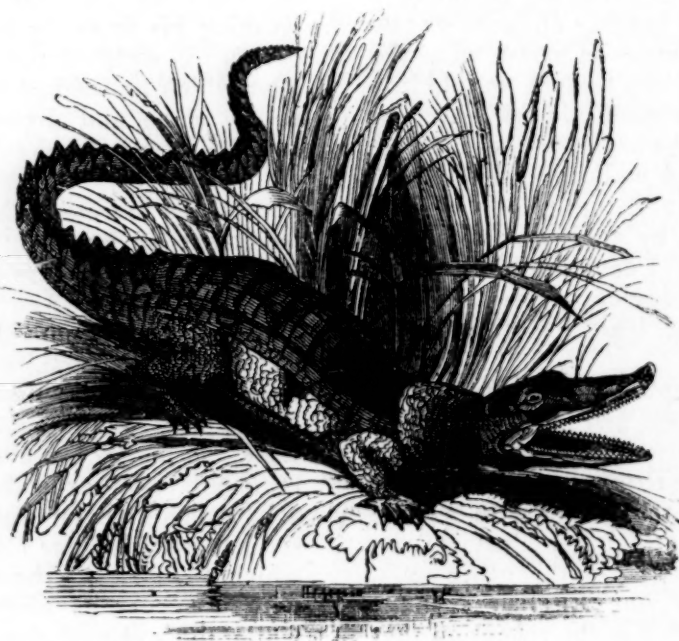
terrified from the tottering portal of a building—others bearing children or valuables in their arms—a priest with the golden vessels of the temple, and in the midst, an artist, Bruloff himself, carrying his box of implements on his head. The picture terminates with a group of Christians, with an anachronic chalice and censer, intended, by their pious resignation and attitude of devotion to contrast with the wild, hopeless terror around. But these are the least effective of the composition.

With this exception I scarcely passed a building that did not in some way lay claim to my admiration. So much, however, has been written, and most justly so, in praise of the masonry of Petersburg, that any further comment on my part is superfluous. On the other hand, considering how our English feelings have been wounded in the reflection that most of the beautiful edifices of the olden time which adorn our capital, are placed where they can neither be approached nor appreciated, while those of the modern are allowed space and air, as if only to expose their defects, I consider that a little conscientious detraction of these northern upstarts may be more acceptable. The buildings, it is true, are with rare exceptions magnificent or graceful, and generally consistent in style; but as they are built so are they left; and as neither a Russian sun nor a Russian frost can be trusted for gentle treatment, the stucco falls off, the paint blisters up, the wood-work decays, and none of these items being renewed, the edifice soon exhibits a want of finish which an English eye must lose some of its home recollections to overlook. But habituated to the sight, no Russian eye is offended by this mixture of shabbiness and grandeur. Added to this, their houses are wretchedly glazed and wretchedly shod. Except an occasional square of plate glass every where beautiful, not a pane is seen through which a beauty would care to be criticised; nor, beyond the Nevski, which is laid with a level mosaic pavement of wood, is there a foot of pavement in St. Petersburg which would allow you to converse in an open carriage with this same beauty in comfort. Around the winter palace it is execrable—such holes as an infant Zarowitch might be lost in; and, lest this should seem overdrawn, I can add what I myself was eye-witness

to, viz.: an Ischvouchik composedly washing his droschky in a colossal puddle, full in sight of the palace windows, after which he washed his face and hands in the same, and drove off. There remains, however, to be said, that in a country which, seven months in the year, strews the streets with a white smooth pavement of its own, the rough flagstones of art cannot be so carefully tended as elsewhere. And now, lest my pen should be deemed invidious, let us turn to the splendid granite blocks in which the Neva and all tributary streams and canals are bound; solid, polished piles which no mortar has ever defaced, being cramped together with iron: or let us acknowledge the patronage which Russia has afforded our English iron-works, which here relief these sturdy masses with a border as elegant as it is light, while the various canals, the Fontanka, the Moika, and the St. Catherine's, all similar in size, and clad with the same monotony of granite, were it not for the purposely varied designs of their graceful iron palisadings, would greatly perplex the stranger. Many of the chief noblemen's palaces are faced with cast-iron grilles of the most costly workmanship, bearing the badge of Oriental taste in the richly gilt arrow-head; while the palisading of the summer gardens is so renowned, that the story of our countryman who came expressly from England to see it, and immediately returned, is here considered as a very credible piece of homage. But the many imbecilities ascribed to English travellers, by foreigners, would fill a volume in themselves. It is a pity they are so often true.

NUMBER OF LANGUAGES. — The researches made by Balbi, for the construction of his Atlas Ethnographique, have led him to set down the number of known languages at 2,000 at least; but the imperfect state of the ethnography, he states, has allowed him to class only 860 languages, and about 5,000 dialects; of which number, 143 languages belong to Asia, 53 to Europe, 115 to Africa, 117 to Oceanica, and 125 to America.

The whole number of clergy in the Church of England and Ireland, is about 16,000, the whole number of churches about 14,000, and the whole number of laity is about 16,000,000.



### THE CROCODILE.

This monstrous and frightful animal is less dangerous and destructive than its appearance would lead us to apprehend. It is, however, an enemy to be dreaded in some of the countries of Asia and Africa, where it most abounds, at least when incautiously approached in its favorite element: for, while on land its movements are slow and awkward, in the water it has much greater advantages in attacking either man or beast. Even there, however, it is sometimes met by the natives, and destroyed, by dexterous blows of the knife or spear.

Our American Alligator is an animal so closely allied to the Crocodile of the Eastern Continent, that Naturalists have formerly found difficulty in distinguishing them. One of the principal differences now fixed upon, is found in the teeth. The Alligator is less voracious, bold and dangerous than the Crocodile; and cases of attacks made by it on men are so rare, that it has been denied that any well authenticated ones have ever been ascertained in all the neighborhood of the Mississippi. On the other hand, we have recently heard strong testimony to prove

that they occasionally seize negroes in the bayous near New Orleans, and sometimes destroy life. In some parts of South America they are very fierce, and often commit ravages. Nevertheless, it is certain that in our Southern states where they exist, they are commonly very timid, and seek the water at the first approach of man. Near the mouth of the Mississippi they abound to a great degree, and are daily seen in numbers, lying in the sun upon the banks, or upon the floating logs: but they never allow any person to approach very near, and seem to be greatly alarmed at the noise of steamboats.

Among the wonderful tales told of these animals, at different times and in different countries, we may cite one. In the British Naval Chronicle an account is given of a drunken sailor, who attempted to swim ashore from an English vessel in one of the rivers of India, and was pursued by a Crocodile. As he approached the land, a tiger sprung at him, but passed over him into the Crocodile's jaws, and was instantly drawn under and drowned. He was brought back sober.





## THE CHAMOIS.

This graceful, active and harmless animal, although apparently fitted only to inhabit a land rich in pasturage and under a mild climate, is a native of the rugged and frigid peaks of the Alps, and there alone seems capable of its fullest enjoyment.

"Behold, on the point of yonder shaggy rock," says the *Magazin Universel*, (a celebrated illustrated popular Magazine of Paris before us), "behold this beautiful little quadruped, which seems to be standing sentinel, while a herd of similar animals, on the neighboring upland plain, peacefully crop the carline and *génépi*, or lick the saline surface of the stones. At the first glance you would take it for a tame goat; he is of the same size, form and aspect; but he wants the beard, his eyes are larger, more lively and beautiful, and betray a nature more timid and restless. His forehead is crowned with two small horns, as black as ebony, which rise side by side from between the eyes, and stand as if to protect the two sharp and slender ears, which are placed behind them. That coat of light hair, like a doe's, with a black stripe down the back, from the

head to the tail, is its summer dress. In the spring it was of an ash-grey, and in winter it will be dark brown, almost black. The hair, which at this season is short and thin, like the stag's, will then be long and thick like a sheep's: but its face will preserve its light buff color, and the two black marks on the cheeks.

"This vigilant sentinel walks with his eyes surveying the neighborhood, ready to give warning to the flock, at the slightest appearance of danger. Suddenly he strikes his two fore-feet upon the ground, and leaps to a higher rock above, and then to one higher still. He goes and comes, jumps up and down, and then springs up again, with the greatest rapidity, his eyes fixed on something at a distance, his nostrils expanded and his ears bent to listen. Hark, how he whistles, so loud that the rocks echo the sounds."

"He must be excited by some violent passion; for his usual voice is a bleat, more feeble than that of the sheep. What can be the cause? You can neither see nor hear anything to cause his alarm. But at a distance, perhaps half a league off, is a hunter, of whose approach he is warned; and there will be

no rest until he has discovered him, and the flock, in obedience to his warning, shall have fled to a place of safety. To escape the danger, he will exert every faculty which nature has given him. You may see him gain the steepest eminences, or throw himself down a precipice almost perpendicular, striking the rock three or four times during his descent, and suddenly stopping on a little spot, scarcely large enough for his feet to rest upon. To see him thus pass from one precipice to another, you would almost believe he had wings."

A French traveller in Switzerland, M. Lantier, thus describes the manner of hunting the Chamois. "Amidst rocks and snows, braving all kinds of dangers, the hunters, like the animals they pursue, leap down precipices, and slide over the ice, and yet live only on bread and water, and have no pillow but stones. They set off in the night, that they may arrive at the highest pasture-grounds before daybreak, when the mountain goats go out to feed before the appearance of the flocks of sheep.

"When the hunter approaches the spot, he cautiously surveys it with a spy-glass, and proceeds until he discovers a Chamois. He then seeks to attain some elevation above it, and taking deliberate aim, fires his gun, and commonly brings down the innocent animal, as it feeds in peace. When he can see the horns he presumes he is within rifle-shot: the weapon in use being something like a rifle, with a grooved barrel. Some of them will give two shots. If the animal falls, the hunter springs upon it, and carries it home for food for his family, especially if it is young. But sometimes he takes only the skins of the old ones, especially if the distance is great, and the roads bad. The horns, hoofs and indeed all parts are of some use.

"But if the Chamois, or a flock of them, discover the hunter at a distance, they fly, with a surprising speed, over rocks,

glaciers, and everything; and then commence his toil and dangers. He pursues as well as he can; and when night overtakes him, he makes his bed where he may: on snow or ice, among the rocks or in the crevice of the broken surface around him. There, without light or fire, he takes a frugal meal, on bread so hard that he needs a stone to break it, or cuts it with the little knife which he carries, to dig steps up the walls of ice which he is often obliged to climb."

"My father and my grandfather," said a young Swiss to an English traveller, "lost their lives in hunting the Chamois; and I expect the same death. I call my hunting bag my shroud, and expect to die with it: but I would not exchange my life for any other." Six months afterwards his feet slipped, and he was dashed down a precipice to rise no more.

The Chamois is the only species of Antelopes which inhabits Europe, except one; and, while the others choose the hottest regions of Asia and Africa, he is found only on the second grade of Alpine regions, near to the verge of perennial snow. From March or April until October or November, the little young Chamois follow the mother; and those graceful little animals are easily tamed, if placed among a flock of goats. It then loses all its natural wildness and timidity, enters the stable, and becomes perfectly domesticated.

In the wild state it lives from 20 to 30 years. The flesh of the Chamois is good food, and it yields sometimes as much as 12 pounds of excellent fat. But the skin is the most valuable part of the animal, and that is the principal object of the hunters. It is strong, supple and rough, and bears long use, when made into gloves, vests and other garments.

This harmless little animal is agreeably associated with the picturesque and sublime scenery of its native mountains, and with the simple and hardy people that surround them.



### West Point.

A correspondent of the American Traveller, thus speaks of this delightful spot :

We reached the dock at West Point at 8 in the morning. Turning to the left, we followed an avenue on the banks of the river, amid high precipices and deep ravines, embowering trees and water glimpses.

The first point of historic interest that we reached was 'Gee's Point,' a bold projection at the very head of the river, on which are the ruins of a small battery.—This defended a huge iron chain more than 1400 feet long, that was extended across the river in 1780 to the bluff on Constitution Island.

The next object of peculiar attraction was the splendid monument recently erected to the memory of Major Dade, two captains, four lieutenants, one physician, and ninety-seven privates—a detachment of U. S. Troops who perished on the 18th of December, 1835, in a battle with the Seminole Indians of Florida. The peculiarity of the case was, that out of this detachment of 108 men, but three survived. Although this magnificent pile of marble was supported by carved cannon, and surmounted by the American eagle, who stooped to entwine the laurel wreath around this remembrancer of the distant sleepers; yet how poor a substitute this, for the lives of those valiant men! Even the glory of war is terrible. And, as we gathered there, we could not suppress the suggestion of conscience, that generosity, yea injustice to the poor Indian, chased to the outskirts of our land, would have saved to us and him that vast amount of treasure, toil and blood, that was spent in the Florida war.

From this point we ascended to the plain above, to witness the exercises of the cadets. We were particularly attracted by a party, who were throwing bombs some two hundred yards to an elevated barrel in Fort Clinton. As the fire of the fusee is visible, the passage of these bombs through the air is exceedingly brilliant.

The first building we visited was the Artillery Laboratory. The square, surrounded by walls and towers, contains some ordnance of interest. Here is the remnant of the famous chain that was thrown across the river; also two can-

non taken from the British, and presented to Congress by Major Gen. Greene; also, several brass mortars taken at the surrender of Burgoyne, and at the storming of Stony Point.

From the Laboratory we returned to the plain; and, passing Wood's monument, the delightful houses of the Professors, the old and new barracks, we reached the Academy. It is a fine stone building, 275 feet by 75, containing a chemical laboratory, riding and fencing halls, recitation, court and engineering rooms, with the finest models of fortification, architectural and civil engineering. The upper story is devoted to the mineralogical cabinet and Mr. Weir's hall and galleries for drawing, painting and sculpture.

On the line with the Academy is the Episcopal Chapel. Here all denominations are required to worship. Over the pulpit is a painting by Weir, of Pilgrim memory. It is said to represent the motto 'Righteousness exalteth a nation.' 'A female figure with an olive branch in one hand, and a Bible in the other, is looking to the Sun of Righteousness, just rising in the East. On the other side a Roman warrior has laid aside his implements of battle, while the star-spangled banner lies at his feet. Between these figures our country appears upon a globe, over which hovers an Eagle with an olive and arrows.'

On the same line with the Chapel is the library, an uncommonly fine building of recent construction. It contains about 15,000 volumes, full length portraits of Jefferson and Madison by Sully, together with busts and portraits of other distinguished men. This building contains a philosophical apparatus and an observatory. The three towers are devoted to telescopes and a transit instrument from Germany.

Leaving the plain and passing toward the river, we descended a flight of stone steps to Kosciusko's garden. This spot is surrounded by precipices above and below. It has a running fountain in the centre and is surrounded by a garden, shrubs and trees, said to have been planted by Kosciusko, in soil brought to the spot by his own hand. This was his favorite resort in the Revolutionary War.

Here we found several cadet officers, who had been invited to join us in a picnic dinner.

(For the American Penny Magazine.)

### Thoughts at Sea.

To sit on the deck, when the ship is at sea,

And watch all the changes the weather can bring

Was often a fav'rite employment to me:

For sometimes the gale through the cordage would sing,

And sometimes the tempest tremendously roar;

While the lightning flash'd bright, and the thunders replied

In peals most terrific; and torrents would pour,

As the vessel rush'd timidly over the tide.

And sometimes the sun, shining clear on the spray,

As the Sabbath appear'd spreading calmness around,

The flying-fish flutter'd so swiftly away,

And plunged in the deep azure billows profound.

O God of the ocean, and God of the land,

How great is Thy goodness, how wondrous Thy power!

Thou holdest the seas in the palm of Thy hand,

And shalt live and shalt reign when the world is no more.

### From Headley's Letters from Long Lake.

THE LOON.—Taking Mitchell with me, we embarked on Monday in his birch bark canoe for Crotcheit and Rackett lakes. Paddling leisurely up Long Lake, I was struck with the desolate appearance of the settlement. Scarcely an improvement had been made since I was last here, while some clearings had been left to go back to their original wildness. Disappointed purchasers, lured in by extravagant statements, had given up in despondency and left.

But our light canoe soon left the last clearing; and curving round the shore, we shot into the Racket or Racquette river, and entered the bosom of the forest. As we left the lake I saw a loon some distance up the inlet, evidently anxious to get out once more into open water. These birds (about the size of a goose) you know, cannot rise from the

water except by a long effort and against a strong damp wind, and depend for safety on diving and swimming under water. At the approach of danger they go under like a duck, and when you next see them, they are perhaps sixty rods distant, and beyond the reach of your bullet. If cornered in a small body of water, they will sit and watch your motions with a keenness and certainty that is wonderful, and dodge the flash of a percussion lock gun all day long. The moment they see the blaze from the muzzle they dive, and the bullet, if well aimed, will strike the water exactly where they sat. I have shot at them again and again, with a dead rest, and those watching would see the ball each time strike directly in the hollow made by the wake of the water above the creature's back. There is no killing them except by firing at them when they are not expecting it, and then their neck and head are the only vulnerable points. They sit so deep in the water, and the quills on their backs are so hard and compact that a ball seems to make no impression on them. At least I have never seen one killed by being shot through the body. Such are the means of self-preservation possessed by this curious bird, whose wild, shrill and lonely cry on the water at midnight is one of the most melancholy sounds I ever heard in the forest.—*N. Y. Observer.*

NEWSPAPERS.—A good paper taken in a family seems to shed a gleam of intelligence around. It gives the children a taste for reading; it communicates all the important events in the busy world; it is a never-failing source of amusement, and furnishes a fund of instruction which will never be exhausted. Every family, however poor, if they wish to hold a place in the rank of intelligent beings, should take at least one newspaper. And the man who, possessed of property sufficient to make himself easy for life, surrounded by children eager for knowledge, is instigated by a vile spirit of cupidity, and neglects to subscribe for a newspaper, is deficient in the duties of a parent or a good citizen, and is deserving of the censure of his intelligent neighbors.—*Sel.*

SELECTED ADVICE TO THE LADIES.—Always dress as neatly and plain as possible—let Flora be your jeweller, and a rose bud the only gem about you.—*Sel.*



## WESTERN INDIANS.

**The Choctaw Mission.**

*Communication from the Rev. James B. Ramsey. July 16, 1846.*

*(Concluded from page 581.)*

The account which it gives of the Examination, Addresses, &c. and also of the Examination of the Girl's School, under the care of the Rev. C. Kingsbury, of the American Board, will all be found interesting, and valuable as showing the rapid progress of the Choctaws in Christian civilisation.

Our examination was held the day before yesterday, Tuesday much to the satisfaction of all parties. The evening before a great many people had arrived, besides the trustees, the chiefs and head men; and during the morning they kept coming in from all directions, almost every one leading another horse for one of the boys to ride home; so that at dinner we had above 150 guests. We had killed, the afternoon before, an ox, three hogs and two sheep, which together with a moderate quantity of bacon, had nearly all disappeared the next evening. There were a number of gentlemen and some ladies from Doaksville and Fort Towson present; among others, Col. Pitchlynn's two daughters, and sister-in-law. Capt. Jones also, who you are aware is one of our trustees, a very intelligent man, and of polished manners, and a partner of Mr. H., brought his family along in a very handsome coach—the only thing of the kind I have yet seen in the nation. Our exercises commenced about 7 1-2 o'clock, and continued, with about an hour's recess for dinner, until about three. The school room, which however is small, was crowded all the time, but not a fourth part of the people were in at once that would have been had our accommodations been better.

The classes first examined belonged to Mr. Dwight's department, whose sole duty since I came has been to teach the English language to those who cannot speak it. As we have had no books suited for this, it has required great labor on the part of the teacher; and the examination, which was a sample of the daily teaching, was conducted simply by giving the names of various objects in Choctaw, and requiring from the scholars the English;—repeating short sentences in

Choctaw, and requiring a translation in English, and some conversation.

From most of this our trustees were absent; being engaged with the chiefs and captains and head men, in preparing and signing a memorial to Congress against the extension of the criminal laws of the United States over the whole Indian territory, in matters between Indian and Indian, as well as between Indians and white men, which they had been informed it was proposed to do, and which they strongly in their memorial deprecate, as a very great injury, and a gross injustice, though they scarcely thought it possible that such a thing could be seriously designed. 'Even should it be necessary in the case of the Cherokees,' say they, 'why should we be visited for the sins of our neighbours? We can govern ourselves,—we have a feeling of national pride in this thing,—we are trying all we can to improve ourselves, and to elevate the mass of our people,—why now threaten to deprive us not only of a just right solemnly guaranteed to us, but also of one of our strongest incentives to self-improvement?' I could not but sympathise with them deeply,—though I think still there must be some misunderstanding as to the design of the United States government.

The classes taught by Mr. Bissell were next examined. These had been studying reading, writing, arithmetic, (Emerson's 1st and 2d part), and Geography, (Parley's and Smith's.) Then came on the department taught by Mr. Wright, who has occupied the place of the first teacher since I came. These were examined in Geography, Arithmetic, (Emerson's third part,) Natural Philosophy, History of the United States, Algebra, Latin Reader; after which I examined one boy in Horace, who had been reciting to me since I came. Occasionally between the classes we had a speech or two from some boys previously appointed to prepare, which tended somewhat to vary the exercises, and to add to their interest. All at the close appeared pleased, and freely expressed their approbation.

After the examinations were through, and we went through them very rapidly,—the people, students, trustees, and all, were assembled under the shade of some trees at the end of one of the Academy buildings, where I had Colton's large Mis-

sionary Map hung up, and mounted on a little stage. I talked to them a little while from this; pointing out the various conditions in relation to religion and civilisation, of the various portions of the earth's population; and showing that all those parts which were in ignorance and misery were those who were destitute of the Bible; that all the enlightened parts were those where the Bible was read; that every people who read it and obeyed it were a great people, and had great knowledge in all other subjects; all the wise and powerful and happy nations of the earth were those, and none but those who have and read the Bible. I showed them that the people who speak the English language, and occupied so small a part of the world, were nevertheless the people who held the great power of the world, and possessed the greatest part of its wisdom and knowledge; that knowledge they could thus see for themselves was power; and that that power was to be obtained by Christianity alone. I then told them that the only way for the Choctaw nation to become a great and wise and happy and respected people, was to go on in the way they had so nobly begun, in endowing schools for the religious education of all their boys and girls, and in receiving the religion of Jesus Christ, and in reading the Bible, the word of the great God.

After I had done, Mr. Dwight interpreted the substance of it in Choctaw.

After this was through, I read out and explained a series of regulations for the next session.

After Mr. Dwight had interpreted the substance of these rules, we closed our part of the exercises by a prayer by Mr. Carr, a Methodist minister.

Col. Harkins, one of the trustees, then rose, and after making a few remarks in Choctaw, invited Col. Deflore, the chief of this district, to address the people. He was followed by Col. Fisher, the chief of the upper or Arkansas district; and he by Mr. McKinney, one of our trustees, who is also Maj. Armstrong's interpreter. After which Capt. Hudson gave a speech, which I learned from Mr. Dwight was a very good one indeed; he is a very able, strong-minded Indian, was instructed in Mr. Kingsbury's school in the Old Nation, and though not a professor of religion, is one of the very warmest supporters of the schools and of temperance.

He spoke with real Indian energy and eloquence of gesture. Mr. McKinney appeared to be also a good speaker. All these speeches were in Choctaw, and of course unintelligible to me.—Their general drift, as I learned from Mr. Dwight, was to show the advantages of education, and to enlist the feelings of all in behalf of the schools; and as addressed to the boys, recommending diligence and obedience, &c. Col. Harkins closed with a few remarks, and the company began to scatter; and such a scattering,—and saddling of horses, and running hither and thither, and shaking of hands and packing of saddle-bags, you never saw, or rather I never saw; and in less than two hours, though it was after four o'clock considerably when they finished speaking, there were scarcely twenty students and strangers together, and it appeared truly desolate. They seemed nearly all determined to start off, if they could only go five or six miles, and camp out, which by the way is the common custom. From some of these boys we parted with not a little concern,—some who appeared amiable and desirous to improve, and whose minds were rather seriously disposed,—lest the absence of two months and a half from all the privileges they had enjoyed, and freedom from the restraints to which they were here subjected, and exposure to strong temptations and heathenish influences, should entirely obliterate all the impressions already made, and the improvement but just commenced.

July 22d.—The day after the examination, I went down to Mr. Kingsbury's, to the examination of his school; this you are aware is a girl's school, and close by Doaksville. The examination commenced between 8 and 9 o'clock; I, in company with Mr. Bissel and Dwight arrived a little while after they had commenced, and was much pleased with the promptness and correctness with which they answered the questions proposed to them. Indeed I believe that no company of white girls could have stood an examination better. It was a cheering sight to see nearly fifty of these girls, thus trained up under religious influences, and growing in useful knowledge, and a large number of their fathers and mothers present, looking on and listening with countenances of deep and lively interest.—*Miss. Chronicle.*



## AGRICULTURAL.

## MR. TUDOR'S GARDEN AT NAHANT.

This superb garden is a rough, rocky, narrow peninsula, three or four miles long, jutting boldly into the sea, from the low sandy beach at Lynn, seven miles northeast of Boston. Being open to every ocean breeze, and with superior bathing and fishing ground, it is a delightful summer retreat for the citizens of the adjacent towns, and has long been quite a fashionable watering place for the public at large. Several spacious hotels crown the dark cliffs of the south end of Nahant, while picturesque cottages are scattered here and there, occasionally varied by groups of farm buildings, pleasing for their tidiness, or the reverse, according to the means and taste of their several occupants. The surface of this peninsula is composed mostly of rocks, or hard, dry gravel; profitable gardening, therefore, much less farming, is nearly out of the question. In addition to the want of a good soil, the nights and mornings are cold; and in the storms on the coast, the wind sweeps across the peninsula with great violence, loading the air and saturating the earth with salt spray from the sea. Under these circumstances, few shrubs and trees, and these of a peculiar kind only, can be reared here without strong, high shelter, while growing vegetables and grain are precarious. But there are so many persons at present residing at Nahant during the summer season, that gardens have become quite a desideratum.

Various schemes have been devised for a more successful growth of fruits and vegetables here, but nothing has been found to answer so well as ample protection. Among those who have adopted this most extensively and successfully, is Mr. Frederic Tudor. His garden comprises about four acres, and is filled with nearly every delicacy of flower, fruit, and vegetable, which it is possible to grow in the climate of Nahant. His method of protection consists of a series of fences. The outside line is 16 feet high, made of large cedar posts, deeply sunk and braced in the ground, connecting with joists 3 by 5 inches, to which slats or pickets, 3 inches wide and one inch thick, of the same length as the posts, are nailed in an upright position 2 inches apart. To this fence espaliers of the hardiest kinds of fruit trees are trained. A second fence of the same fashion and materials, but not quite so high, is run round the garden a short distance from the first. Then comes a third fence, with others to the number of nearly one hundred, short and long, running off at different angles from the first line, making a complete labyrinth of the garden. To these shorter fences are trained apricots, nectarines, peaches, grapes, and other delicate fruit. In another part of the garden is a peachery by itself, of 300 trees, grown by the sides of short slatted fences, a few feet

apart, protected in front by a thick hedge of dwarf willow. One would be surprised to find what a difference these fences make between the atmosphere of the garden and that surrounding it. Although it was in the month of July when we visited the garden, without, the air was chilly and blustering, within, bland and warm. Several kinds of fruits were in season, all of which we tasted, and found them as delicious as those grown in a much milder climate.

We found several other things here well worthy of record: for example, Mr. Tudor's contrivances with stones and different kinds of substance, such as peat, forest leaves, &c., to retain moisture there, the soil being excessively dry. This garden is well worthy of the visit of amateurs; for, taking it all in all, it is quite unique, and an object of no little curiosity. We have never met with anything like it on so extensive a scale, either in this country or in Europe; and we are informed that its opulent owner, with great liberality, allows all respectable applicants to walk over it at their leisure.—*American Agriculturist*.

**ATMOSPHERE NEAR THE SEA**—From various experiments made by the *savans* of Europe, it has been ascertained that the atmosphere over the sea contains less carbonic acid than that over the land; that, when the sea is rough, and especially when the wind is violent, particles of sea-water, in a state of great tenuity, float in the air, particularly on the coast where the waves break; and that these particles are carried to greater or less distances, according to the violence of the wind, and the degree to which the sea is agitated. Hence the influence of sea-air upon the soil and vegetation in places near the sea.

[*American Agriculturist*.]

**SETTING OUT TREES**—One cannot be too careful in setting out fruit trees. A friend of ours is now setting out an orchard of 15,000 trees. He began two years ago, by putting his trees into the ground with roots all crooked up, like a frozen chicken's claws; but he soon found out his error, and has since spent double the time in digging round and straightening out the roots, and manuring them, that it would have taken to have set them out properly at first. He has just given an order for a quantity of trees to one of our best nurserymen, with positive instructions not to have a root marred; and he says he shall put a wheel-barrow load of well-amalgamated and well-rotted manure to each tree, mixed with the earth, with which he fills up the hole. One thousand trees well set out, and well cultivated after they are set out, will be worth more, and bear more fruit than ten thousand carelessly set out and then left to themselves.—*Ibid*.

**FISH FOR MANURE**—Try spent bark from the tan yard. It will absorb the ammonia.

[*Ibid*.]

## POETRY.

**On seeing the first Bird one morning in Spring.**

Through air and ocean, darkness, light,  
Blindness itself can find the way,  
If God provides another sight,  
And lends a portion of his day.

O leave me not, Almighty Friend !  
Without the light my soul desires ;  
While Thou to these poor birds dost send  
A flash from Thy illuming fires.

A beam, a ray, a gleam divine,  
To warm and light this darksome breast,  
To teach this gloomy world to shine,  
And change it to a land of rest.

Thy hand provides the various food  
For bird and beast, and fish and fly ;  
Weaves the soft down and feathery plume,  
To keep the wanderer warm and dry.

To Thee I give my tender flock,  
My gentle wife and parents kind ;  
Be Thou the shadow of a rock,  
Where we may best protection find.

**The Widow's Charge at her Daughter's Bridal.**

BY MRS. H. L. SIGOURNEY

Deal gently, thou, whose hand has won  
The young bird from the nest away  
Where careless 'neath a vernal sun  
She gaily carolled day by day ;  
The haunt is lone,—the heart must grieve,  
From whence her timid wing doth soar,  
In pensive light, at hush of eve,  
To hear her gushing song no more.

Deal gently with her,—thou art dear,  
Beyond what vestal lips have told ;  
And like a lamb from fountains clear,  
She turns confiding to thy fold.  
She, round thy sweet domestic bower,  
The wreaths of changeless love shall twine,  
Watch for thy step at vesper hour,  
And blend her holiest prayer with thine.

Deal gently, thou, when far away,  
'Mid stranger scenes her foot shall rove,  
Nor let thy tender cares decay ;  
The soul of woman lives on love ;  
And should'st thou, wondering, mark a tear  
Unconscious from her eyelid break,  
Be pitiful, and soothe the fear  
The man's strong heart can ne'er partake.

A mother yields her gem to thee,  
On thy true breast to sparkle rare—  
She places 'neath thy household tree  
The idol of her fondest care ;

And by thy trust to be forgiven  
When judgment wakes in terror wild,  
By all the treasured hopes of heaven,  
Deal gently with the widow's child.

## ENIGMA.—NO. 22.

I am a word of 10 letters.

My 1, 5, 9, 6, 2, 8, is an emblem of modesty.

My 10, 5, 6, is used for food by the Italians.

My 6, 2, 1, 5, one of Jacob's sons.

My 6, 5, 9, 3, is a noble but ferocious animal.

My 3, 7, 5, 6, an instrument of death to the captain who went with 200 chariots of iron against the Israelites.

My 1, 5, 9, 6, is a musical instrument of great power.

My 5, 10, 9, 3, is a metal much in use.

My 8, 2, 7, is an eastern plant.

My 9, 6, 5, 1, 2, is an emblem of peace.

My 2, 1, 5, 6, is the work of Satan.


My 1, 5, 8, 7, 6, is a necessary ingredient to the air.

My 1, 7, 5, 3, is a quality of youth.

My 1, 5, 2, 3, 3, 7, is the capital of a despotic empire in Europe.

My whole is necessary to every apartment.  
E. M.

*Solution of Enigma No. 19, p. 608.*—The Alphabet, Alabama, Charleston, Duck, Fly, Flamingo, Job, Paint, Quart, Van, Wax, Zinc.

 *Changes for Volume III.*—Improvements will be made in paper, &c. &c., and the price will in future be necessarily raised. The work, however, will still be the *Cheapest* of the kind in the country, and, we believe, in the world

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